

# SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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1821. THE GREAT FAMILY PAPER FOR HALF A CENTURY. 1874.

Vol. LIII. R. J. C. WALKER, Proprietor, No. 757 Walnut St.

PHILADELPHIA SATURDAY, JULY 4, 1874.

TERMS: \$2.00 per Annum in Advance. Single Copies Six Cents. No. 49.

## BUBBLES.

BY JACK MANN.

A bubble rises on the stream—  
Flots upward with the tide;  
So proud and buoyant does it seem,  
No ill can e'er betide;  
But, ah! as swift as moments pass  
Its transient beauty flies!  
A thing of beauty will not last—  
The sweetest pleasure dies.  
So likewise hope springs up as soon,  
And dances on its way,  
And tells us, ere another noon  
Will reach a perfect day;  
But, ah! 't is but too bright to last—  
It cannot stem the tide;  
Its perfect day, its vision past,  
And hope itself has died.  
I will not grieve, although my dream  
Be what I never may see;  
My eye of faith can make it seem  
As though it yet might be.  
A little while! Ah, yes, I know,  
It may be lost from view;  
Then, when I must, I'll let it go,  
But not till then—would you?

## THE EBONY CASKET;

—OR—  
The Raymond Inheritance.

BY RITT WINWOOD.

AUTHOR OF "THE CHILTON ESTATE,"  
"A BLACK SHEEP IN THE FOLD," "RAV-  
ELED," "THE WHITE SPIDER,"  
"THE WOUNDED HUNTER,"  
ETC., ETC., ETC.

[This serial was commenced in No. 48. Back num-  
bers can be obtained from all newsdealers throughout  
the United States, or direct from this office.]

### CHAPTER IX. FLIGHT.

When the strange man, who had dropped  
as if from the clouds to Bernice's rescue,  
reached the threshold of the door, after hav-  
ing laid Bill unconscious at his feet, he en-  
countered only a woman's figure.

It was Meg, who had followed her son up  
the stairs, in order to steal the precious  
ebony casket from her poor drugged pris-  
oner, as she had been bidden to do by Cap-  
tain Marthe.

But the twin had met with a very differ-  
ent reception from the one they had counted  
upon.

A shrill shriek of rage and fury fell from  
Meg's lips at the sight of her worthy son,  
lying stark and stiff before her. With the  
cry of a panther deprived of her young, she  
sprang furiously upon the unknown.

"You've killed my boy!" she screamed;  
"You've killed my boy!" and a volley of  
the most fearful curses fell from her lips, as  
she roared wildly at the man's throat and un-  
protected face, as he bent upon scratching  
his eyes out.

After a futile struggle of two, he caught  
her flying hands, and held them fast. But  
she writhed viciously in his grasp, and tried  
to bite and tear his flesh with the few task-  
like teeth that ornamented her jaws.

"So that's your game, is it?" he mut-  
tered. "We must contrive to put a stop  
to it."

He struck her a heavy blow upon the  
temple that made her stagger. While she  
was still reeling dizzily from the effect of  
it, it was but a moment's work to tear the  
stout handkerchief from her neck, and with  
it bind her hands securely behind her back.

Her feet were also secured, and then the un-  
known pushed her into the nearest corner.  
"Lie there, you woman-fiend, until I see  
who is to be my next adversary."

He stationed himself by the open door-  
way, waiting and listening. No sound came  
up from below. A strange, horrible silence  
reigned. Captain Marthe was evidently  
not there. The house was deserted of all  
save the four strangely-contracted persons in  
that room.

Convinced of this, presently, he once  
again approached the drooping figure by the  
couch. Bernice still lay there, so like a  
dead woman that he shuddered and recoiled  
as he bent over her.

"If she was drugged, the narcotic must  
have been very powerful," he thought.

Meg's scattered senses were rapidly re-  
turning. She was swearing horribly again,  
and struggling to break her bonds. Some-  
times she would desert for a moment to  
glance at her son, and then great tears  
would run down her wrinkled cheeks.

Callous and hardened as this wicked crea-  
ture had shown herself, there was still a ten-  
der spot in her heart—the love she bore her  
son.

Few creatures are so vile they contain no  
germ of latent good.  
Badly as he had been treated in that  
house, the unknown (as we must still call  
him) could not help pitying the dejected old  
woman. He leaned over Bill, feeling his  
pulse and heart.

The faint fluttering of returning life could  
be discerned.

"Your son is not dead," he said, gently,  
addressing Meg. "It would be better for  
the community if he were, perhaps; but I  
am not his judge. He will soon be as con-  
scious as yourself. The blow I dealt only  
stunned him, so far as I can now dis-  
cover."

Meg grumbled some inaudible words, but  
an expression of relief showed itself in her  
yellow, wrinkled face.

For some time perfect silence reigned in  
the apartment. The unknown had seated  
himself near Bernice, and seemed lost in  
perplexed thought.

He was, possibly wondering what he  
could do with the poor unconscious girl. It

was dangerous to remain there, as Captain  
Marthe, or other friends of the amiable  
twin, who occupied the house, might come  
at any moment. And yet Bernice could  
not be removed until she had in some de-  
gree recovered from the effects of the drug  
Meg had administered.

Presently he raised her with some diffi-  
culty in his arms, and bore her to the open  
window, where the cool night air fanned her  
brow. Water was the only restorative at  
hand, and this he used plentifully, as there  
was an abundant supply in the earth-ware  
pitcher on the wash-stand.

Bill soon began to kick and throw him-  
self about so violently that the unknown was  
compelled to desist from his efforts to restore  
animation to Bernice's rigid frame long  
enough to pinion the troublesome fellow,  
very much as he had secured Meg, a short  
time previously.

The villain was furious when he realized  
the true state of affairs. With curses loud  
and deep, he lay foaming on his back, his  
wicked eyes watching steadfastly every  
movement made by the man who had been  
so recently his prisoner.

"Save your breath," said the unknown,  
calmly, at last. "It will do you no good to  
revile me. My hour of triumph has come."  
"I should pound you to a jelly with this  
rod; but for those cursed bonds it would be of  
short duration, however."

"I shall be far enough from here before  
you have the power to harm me."  
"You will never get beyond my reach,"  
he said. "I'll hunt you down again if it  
takes half a life-time to do it. Then we'll  
have a reckoning."

"If the reckoning were to come to-night,"  
the unknown returned, with a calm smile,  
"I should pound you to a jelly with this  
rod; but I refrain. You are sure to re-  
ceive your just deserts some time, without  
my help. I prefer not to sully my hands  
with such as you."

Bill's answer was a bitter curse.  
The unknown turned his back on him  
contemptuously, and resumed his labors  
with Bernice. After more than an hour's  
anxious suspense, his efforts were crowned  
with success. A soft color began to waver  
in the girl's pallid cheek, and her bosom  
rose and fell more rapidly.

"No like—so marvelously like!" mut-  
tered the man, desisting a moment to stare  
at her in half-incredulous amaze.

Bernice's heavy eyelids at last trembled,  
and were gently raised; her eyes fixed  
themselves wildly but inquiringly upon the  
face of her new-found friend.

"Leave me!" she moaned, unable at first  
to recognize him. "Go! Do you want the  
ebony casket? I will die sooner than give  
it up to you. You have my answer!"

Why did the gentle-faced man, leaning  
over her, recoil at her words, as from a  
blow?

"The ebony casket?" he muttered. Then  
a strange light irradiated his whole counte-  
nance. "Another proof of her identity. Ah,  
heaven grant that the casket is indeed  
in her possession!"

"Hush! he said softly—  
"Hush! you have nothing to fear. Tell  
me if you are better?"

She took his hand, pressed it gratefully,  
and whispered:

"Much better. Ah, I remember all now.  
You are my friend."

"Yes; your friend."

"Thank God. I was almost in despair.  
I should have gone mad in a little while."

She moaned, raised her hand to her head,  
and asked for water. Her eyes were blood-  
shot and heavy.

"Try to call up all your strength," he  
whispered, while she was drinking. "You

will need it. We must quit this house at  
once."

"Quit this house? Can we? Is the way  
open?"

Then her gaze fell upon the two bound,  
struggling figures near the opposite wall.  
She started, and stared wildly.

"The casket!" she cried again. "Have  
these wretches stolen it from me?"

She laid one hand against her heart, and  
a glad smile rippled over her face.

"Safe, safe!" she whispered. "Heaven  
be praised; it is where I hid it!"

She was not fully herself, as yet. Her  
new-found friend, seeing this, made another  
effort to rouse her.

"Drink," he said, again placing water to  
her lips. "Now you must get up and come  
with me. All is lost if you linger here.  
Come, if you would flee forever from the  
power of your enemies."

She gave him a searching glance, and her  
brown eyes lighted up wonderfully.

"I am ready," she said, in an eager  
voice. "I will go with you this instant."

"Are you strong?"

"Quite strong, sir. Strong enough, at  
any rate, to leave this place."

Then came with me.  
She took his hand, clinging to it help-  
lessly. Her limbs were not quite steady, at  
first; they almost refused to perform their  
office. She trembled all over as they passed  
the spot where Meg and Bill were lying.

Vile oaths and curses were hurled at them  
by mother and son.

"Make haste," said Bernice, shivering.  
"Take me away from this as quickly as  
possible."

They crept down the dark stairway hand  
in hand. The hall-door stood ajar. In an-  
other moment they were out under the pity-  
ing stars of heaven.

"God be praised!" faltered Bernice. "I  
feel better already. I am sure we shall get  
clear at last."

The cool night-air, perhaps—because the  
thought of freedom mingled with it—seemed  
to act upon her sensitive organization with  
tonic power. Her brain grew clearer, the  
strength came back to her trembling limbs.

"Which way?" said her companion, halting.

"Anywhere! anywhere! so that we get  
far away from this dreadful place!"

They set out, hand in hand. The road  
was lonely and dark, only stars, those twink-  
ling lamps of God—lighted their way, but  
they went on and on, with hope ever grow-  
ing brighter in their hearts.

"You believe the story?"

"Why should I doubt it? I never had  
any proof of their existence."

"There is some mystery enshrouding  
your birth?"

"Yes," she answered, frankly. "I have  
no right even to the name I bear. But I  
choose it for want of a better."

"Have you no friends?"

"None I can trust. None who are will-  
ing to help me."

"Poor child! I think I can help you."

"You?" with an infection of surprise.

"Tell me, how? I do not understand.  
Do you know aught of my history?"

"Perhaps," he returned, evasively. "I  
do not wish to build up false hopes. There-  
fore, I shall not tell you what I fully believe  
until there is ample proof to substantiate  
my words."

She would have pleaded with him, but  
some nameless feeling caused her to desist.

"I heard you speak of an Ebony Casket,"  
Saul said, as they rose to move onward.

"Yes. I have it hidden here, next my  
heart."

"Who gave it to you?"

"A woman who claimed to have been my  
nurse. She exacted a promise that I would  
not open it until I became of age. I think  
it contains proofs of my birth and parent-  
age."

"Of course you are very anxious to find  
out its contents?"

"I would give a year out of my life to  
know the truth," she answered, in a low,  
intense tone.

Not another word was spoken. The sub-  
ject was dropped as abruptly as it had been  
taken up, though each would have liked  
very much to have lifted the veil of mystery  
in which the other was enshrouded.

They hurried on. At last the gray of  
dawn brightened and deepened into the  
perfect glory of sunrise. Still they held  
their weary way, worn, tired, bedraggled.  
They scarcely dared stop or rest.

At last the distant hum of machinery  
reached their ears, and the belching smoke  
of the factories was right before their eyes—  
a pyramid of ever-lightening gloom.

A hysterical cry escaped Bernice's lips.  
"Millbrook! Safe! safe! O, God, he  
praised! Nobody will dare molest us here!"  
and some very child-like tears dropped over  
her face, but they were tears of joy.

and the burning words he had whispered in  
her ear. Surely it would be scarcely  
pleasant to meet him again here and now.  
He might be led to think she was coming  
to him for protection.

What were her plans? Alas! she had  
none. The future seemed one great sea of  
trial and uncertainty, where every hope  
might go to shipwreck.

The path broadened, and there was no  
longer grass in it. It looked as if worn by  
constant travel. Suddenly a foot crashed  
on the gravel, just ahead. Bernice paused,  
with one hand on her heart, and her brown  
eyes dilating.

At the same instant Dora Raymond turned  
an abrupt bend in the path, and came swiftly  
towards her.

Dora looked a ghost. No marble could  
have been whiter than her face. An awful  
dread, an unconquerable terror had set its  
seat on her burning eyes and bloodless lips,  
and in her drawn, pallid features. A dead  
woman could not have looked more rigid.

She advanced rapidly, with the air of a  
person meeting some terrible crisis. One  
would almost have sworn she expected to  
see Bernice then and there, so stern and  
cold was the expression of her face.

She paused, and held out her hand.—  
Some sharp sentence trembled on her lips,  
perhaps, but she checked herself, and kept  
her voice even and firm by a powerful  
effort.

"O, Bernice!" she cried, and fell on the  
girl's neck, kissing her rapturously. "Is it  
possible? We had almost given you up  
for lost!"

Bernice drew back a little. Dora had  
never shown herself particularly friendly  
to her. She created a promise that I would  
not open it until I became of age. I think  
it contains proofs of my birth and parent-  
age."

"What does it all mean?" he thought.  
"Is this pretty woman playing a part?"

But, unfortunately, he did not know Dora.  
Nevertheless, she was his bitterest, most re-  
lentless enemy, though they had never ex-  
changed a word in all their lives. But he  
little guessed that such was the case, though  
he might have guessed it had he known  
exactly who and what she was.

"Are you glad to see me?" said Bernice,  
gazing wonderingly into Dora's face.

"Glad!" echoed the hypocrite, kissing  
her over and over again. "I am overjoyed.  
It is such a relief to see you here, safe and  
sound. I have been frightened nearly to  
death about you."

"It is strange," faltered Bernice.

Dora gave her a swift glance, and said:  
"I'm sure I have reason to rejoice. I  
tell where you have been all those weary  
days and nights?"

"A prisoner in a house below, by the  
river."

"A prisoner?" echoed Dora, lifting her  
hands in well-simulated amazement. "You  
are jesting? It can't be true? No one  
would dare to shut you up against your  
will!"

Bernice dropped her eyes, and answered:  
"It was Captain Marthe."

"Captain Marthe? The villain! What  
did he mean by such infamous conduct?"

The girl's lids swept her burning cheeks,  
and very softly she said:  
"He pretended to love me. Perhaps he  
thought to win me in that way. But it was  
a mistaken move on his part. I shall hate  
him—hate him eternally for what he has  
made me suffer."

Modesty gave way before her kindling  
spirit. She said these last words with a  
little smile, and flashing eyes.

"Poor Bernice!" murmured Dora.—  
"How you must have suffered!"  
"I owe it all to Captain Marthe."

"The wretch! He ought to be pun-  
ished." Then, seeing the wild stare with  
which Bernice still regarded her, she added:  
"Why do you look at me so? I am your  
friend. I have no other wish than to be  
your friend."

"I can trust you?"

"Of course," a purple flush mounting sud-  
denly to her brow. "I want you to forget  
and forgive the past. You will?"

She had lowered her voice to the low,  
thrilling tones of supplication. She looked  
wretched, penitent. A sheen of tears was  
in her beautiful eyes.

"I promise to forget all that you really  
wish me to forget," said Bernice, her dis-  
trust almost conquered.

"Thank you. It is so good—so kind of  
you not to bear malice. I was rude to you  
in the mill, the day you disappeared so  
strangely. I have thought of it, and wept,  
scores of times, since you were gone. If I  
had an unkind thought of you then, it is  
now banished from my heart. From this  
time forward, I am only going to pity and  
love and admire you."

Bernice's lips were wreathed with a sweet  
though half-incredulous smile. Even yet  
she could not understand this sudden change  
in Dora. But she was too tender-hearted  
to reject her caresses.

"I have to beg your pardon for a great  
many unkindnesses that I cannot now put  
into words," Dora resumed, in a soft whisper.  
"But, all I ask is the opportunity to prove  
to you how sincerely I wish to atone for the  
past."

Then there was a brief silence. Bernice  
looked up eagerly, at last.

"These grounds," she said. "Do they  
belong to Mr. Lasalle?"

"They do. You must come up to the  
house with me, and be his guest. I can  
assure you of a warm welcome."

"His guest?" echoed Bernice, aghast.

"Why not? Mr. Lasalle is a better friend  
to you than you know. He has been un-  
der the search, since you were first misled.  
He has not rested night or day."

"It was not he who gave me liberty."

"No. But he would have found you,  
sooner or later. I suppose you owe your  
liberty to this gentleman?"

She turned as she spoke, fixing her pen-  
etrating gaze upon Saul's face. She even  
smiled in the sweetest winning way she  
knew so well how to assume, and held out  
her hand.

He took it, bowing low and secretly think-  
ing what a very pretty girl she was, and  
wondering at himself for having felt even a  
momentary distrust.

"I owe everything to Mr. Saul," said  
Bernice, warmly. "He set me free. I can  
never be grateful enough for all he has  
done."

"Let me add my gratitude to yours," said  
Dora, her long lashes sweeping her cheeks,  
and thus hiding the strange glow in her  
eyes that continued. "He must come up to  
the house with us. Mr. Lasalle will wish to  
see and thank him."

She began to glide up the path. Both  
Bernice and Saul followed, though in a  
dazed, bewildered way. The beautiful  
temple had thrown a glamour over them  
from which they could not wholly escape.  
It seemed the most natural thing in the world  
to obey her.

Like Bernice felt ill at ease. She did not  
like the idea of confronting Lasalle. More-  
over, a vague repulsion—which was scarcely  
an active one—made her tremble every time  
Dora's bright eyes sought her own.

Presently she heard a strange crackling  
sound in the shrubbery close to the path.  
A muffled footfall reached her ears once or  
twice. She was sure she caught the shadowy  
glimpse of a man's stalwart figure flitting  
from one ornamental shrub to another.

"We are followed!" she cried, abruptly  
pausing.

Dora stopped, too, an indefinite ex-  
pression darkening the pink and white preti-  
ness of her face.

"Nonsense, Bernice. Those are private  
grounds, remember. You will find no un-  
bushy felling perdu here."

Saul came up closer to them, and said,  
with an air of grim conviction:  
"We are not alone in the grounds. Miss  
Bernice may be right in her conjectures, af-  
ter all."

"Bah!" muttered Dora. "It was the  
gardener you saw. To convince you that  
I am correct, I will summon him here."

She lifted a silver whistle to her lips, and  
blew a soft blast upon it. The bushes in-  
stantly parted, and a tall, lank, ungainly  
fellow came striding towards them.

"You see I make good if very much at  
home here," she said, in answer to Bernice's  
look of mute inquiry.

The new-comer paused before them, duff-  
ing his hat with an air of extreme humility.  
He was not a prepossessing fellow, by any  
means. He had a parchment-colored skin,  
rusty red hair, and a pair of twinkling,  
greenish-grey eyes set deeply in his head.

Was it imagination, or did Bernice ob-  
serve a quick flash of intelligence pass be-  
tween him and Miss Raymond as he came  
up?

"Where is your Master, James?" asked  
Dora, with an air of well-simulated careles-  
sness.

The man hesitated scarcely a moment,  
and then replied:  
"Walking in the fir plantation, Miss."

"You may take us to him?"

"Yes, Miss."

He was turning to depart, but Dora  
stopped him.

"Stay." Then she looked steadily at  
Bernice. "My dear friend, perhaps you  
would sooner go up to my room with me? I

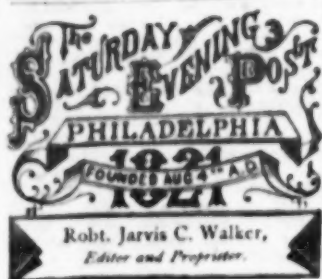












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B. J. C. WALKER, Proprietor,  
727 Walnut Street,  
PHILADELPHIA.

Saturday Evening, July 4, 1874.

### THE HAIR AND ITS FASHIONS.

When the "fever of the summer's hair" draws nigh, there is heard throughout the land, a general clipping and cutting of the hair, principally confined, however, to the little ones and their fathers and brothers. The long, flowing tresses, which have been the poet's favorite theme from earliest times, as descriptive of female loveliness, are rather a burden to the fair possessor during the scorching days which are characteristic of our American summer.

As the hair is a conspicuous feature, almost every variation in the arrangement thereof changing the personal appearance, it constitutes, especially with the ladies, an important part of the toilet, and has received merited attention in all nations, ancient and modern.

In every age, a fine head of hair has been thought an ornament, and a sign of vigor, health and beauty.

The Scriptures record the esteem which the early Hebrews had for beautiful hair, and all the boasts and status of Grecian art which have descended to us, represent the heroes and heroines of illustrious locks.

Mourning and funeral rites were symbolized by the ancients by the neglect of the hair, or by cutting or pulling it out, and shaving the head was a badge of degradation imposed upon criminals, and as a mark of servitude.

It was formerly the practice to remove the hair of the condemned, before execution, in convicts both of high and low degree. Louis XVI when upon the guillotine, implored his executioners to spare him this disgrace, and his request was so far accorded to that only his back hair was removed.

The diversity in the manner of wearing the hair, which taste, fashion, and convenience display, is even greater than the variety of shade and color.

The Helens of the world braided their tresses and adorned them with gold and silver pins. The Roman matrons and matrons dressed their hair with pearls and gems, garlands of flowers and bright ribbons. False curls were worn, and Virgil, Cicero, and other classical writers mention the use of hot iron for curling and crimping. Even the much-abused false hair, for which our modern belles and beauties are so often denounced in terms of unmeasured severity, was worn by the Egyptians, Persians, and Romans. The Egyptians resorted to wig in preference to their natural hair. In France, during the extravagant reign of Louis XIV, false hair, extending half-way down the back, with a profusion of curls, became the mode, and to such an extent was this fashion carried, that it was deemed a breach of etiquette to appear in one's natural hair. "There is no new thing under the sun," said the preacher, and we find that modern fashions in hair, as in many other respects, are but imitations of antiquity.

### AN OLD ADAGE.

BY FLORENCE STANLEY.

"When poverty comes in at the door, love flies out of the window." So says the adage! And they expect us to believe it! Out upon such superstitions! No man or woman will be led by such a tale, whenever and wherever they hear it spoken. If there ever existed love—real, pure, heartfelt love—in the soul of any mortal, think you that the love of a few luxuries, or the want of a few comforts formerly enjoyed, could banish this love from the heart, or deprive it of the tender and earnest confidence and faith which had ever been its very life? Would not poverty rather be the means of strengthening and refreshing the feelings of making the words and actions more kind and tender? Would it not rather be the means of making the whole life more devoted?

There are certain cases, I confess, which might, in some measure, justify the old proverb; but it ought to read, "When poverty comes in at the door, *seeming* love flies out at the window." We all know there is a vast difference between *seeming* and *true* love. How very, very many things seem to be, and yet are not! And this poverty is the real test of love. I once knew a young lady who was vainly wooed for years by a rich man. She was very beautiful, but she was also very proud. She never loved him truly until poverty fell heavily upon him. And then he came no more to her; he dared not seek her presence. Yet she sought him; and there, in his own humble home, she accepted the love which she had refused when he was owner of a steady income.

Some people said she had no "proper pride," and that she was "throwing herself away." But those who knew her better said she had done nobly and well; and so she had. Never before had she looked so beautiful as when she stood by her husband's side in their plain little home, and spoke of their future. And in after years, when, by their united labors, wealth had once more returned to their dwelling, the same sweet expression still rested on her features; but the pride was all gone, and in its place there was a look of soft contentment which proclaimed more plainly than words could have done, that "poverty can never put love to flight, but that love must ever be exalted and purified by lowest poverty."

And so it is. Why, then, should we not believe it? Even the belief will do us good.

### THE SISTER'S STRATAGEM.

BY ALLAN HERSCOVIC.

"You are a most unhappy man, I must say, Mr. Strother."

"I've got good cause. You're enough to try the patience of a saint."

"As if you were a saint! A pretty saint you are, with a temper worse than well, the worst I ever saw or heard of."

"And a wife worse than Xanthippe."

"I shall lose my patience very soon. The idea of my being a saint! I wish I was one, Mr. Strother, you'd get your just deserts; I'd make your life a burden to you."

"You needn't wish yourself any worse than you are now, madam, to accomplish that."

"You're a brute!"

"Call me pet names; I'm used to it."

"I won't live with you another day. I'll leave you, and go back to mother's, you insupportable wretch, before I'm a day older."

"Now you begin to talk sensibly, Maria; I really wish you would!"

"Mrs. Strother went into the usual hysterical under cover of which her husband beat a precipitate retreat. They had been married only two years, and quarrelled continually."

Mrs. Strother's sister was visiting them at that particular time, and she heard the foregoing conversation. After Mr. Strother had gone, she quietly asked her sister if such scenes were of frequent occurrence.

"Every day—almost," added Mrs. Strother, rubbing some camphor into her eye with startling effect.

"Who begins it?"

"Why, Mr. Strother, of course! I am not quarrelsome!" exclaimed Mrs. Strother indignantly.

"No, I perceive not! Well, I see your husband is a perfect brute. I wouldn't live with such a man for the universe."

"I suppose you think your husband a paragon?" snapped Mrs. Strother, spitefully.

"Oh, no; but then he never quarrels with me."

"He must be a very even-tempered man, then, if he never quarrels with you," she said, with a scornful curl of the lip.

"He is; for which I thank the Fates."

Mrs. Malcolm—that was the name of Mrs. Strother's sister—turned away her face to conceal a laugh. She saw that the quarrels between Mr. Strother and his wife were merely surface troubles; the deep current of their love was, as yet, unchanged.

"Maria," she suddenly said, "I wish you would come and pay me a visit, both you and your husband. I told Mr. Malcolm before I started that I was going to bring you home with me, and if you don't go, I promise you I won't come to see you again in a hurry."

Mrs. Strother reflected a moment before she answered.

"I don't know, but I'll go if Mr. Strother will," she finally said.

Down sat Mrs. Malcolm, and wrote a long letter to her husband, which she sealed very privately, and sent to the post-office by a boy, to whom she gave a quarter to carry it.

In due season, Mr. Strother returned from his business, and accepted the invitation. And accordingly, when Mrs. Malcolm's visit was ended, they accompanied her to her home.

Mr. Malcolm met the party at the depot. He greeted his brother and sister-in-law quite kindly, but when he turned to his wife he looked as savage as need be.

"So you're home at last, are you?" he growled. "You've been gadding about half the time since our marriage, and now for the sake of getting rid of you, your brother and sister have brought you home."

Mrs. Malcolm glanced hastily at her sister and sister's husband, before she replied. Their faces were red as fire, and they looked much distressed at this "family jar."

"You needn't say any thing," she tartly responded. "Who was it that went off last summer, and was gone a month, I would like to know?"

"I did to escape the constant din you made."

"You did?"

"You are not speaking the truth, Mr. Malcolm, and you know it. I wish you'd remember what happened to Ananias."

"And I wish you'd remember Sapphira." And all the way from the depot to Mr. Malcolm's residence, conversation was lively in the style related above. Of course, it made their visitors feel miserable.

Next morning it was no better. The coffee and muffins were not what they should be, and the quarrel ended in hysterics, and slamming the doors. At noon, Mrs. Malcolm assailed her husband about the gas.

"There's a pipe that leaks!" she exclaimed. "And I don't believe that you will ever see it. I told you about it before I left, but, of course, there couldn't be anything done unless I was here. I wish that you had come home!"

"My dear," said her husband, in mild surprise, but she stood on his toes so vigorously under the table that he fairly groaned.

"You're always finding fault with something," he snapped. "I don't believe that an angel could please you."

"Compare yourself to an angel, will you?" sneered his wife. "You look like an angel, don't you, with your face as red as a lobster, from drinking whiskey?"

"I'll apply for a separation. I won't live with such a shrew. I'd rather live with the evil one."

"I'd rather you would," said his wife. "As for the separation, I'm going to apply for one myself, so you needn't be troubled about it."

That afternoon, Maria asked if scenes like that and those preceding were usual.

"Frankly," said Mrs. Malcolm, "no; my husband and I never quarrelled but once since we married. That was when we were young, and neither of us had any inclination to taste of the waters of bitterness again."

Mrs. Strother uttered an astonished exclamation, and her sister continued: "The fact is, my dear, our quarrelling only was acting, and was arranged beforehand, with a certain purpose in view, which, perhaps, you will comprehend. It was holding the mirror up to nature, and if the reflection displeased you, what must be the reality?"

Mrs. Strother hung her head for a moment, and then she arose and kissed her sister.

"I thank you," she said, "for the lesson. And I will endeavor to profit by it."

And when her husband came in, she told him all about it.

At first, he was disposed to be angry, but on thinking it over, he was forced to admit that the picture was far more cruel than it ought to be. And he joined with his wife in thanking his brother for such a lesson. And the lesson proved fruitful of good results. From that day to this, Mr. and Mrs. Strother have never been known to quarrel.

### A New Legend of "Forget-me-not."

When Psyche lost her Lord, the Lord of Love,  
Weeping, alone she wandered,  
Lamenting, by every well-known field and grove,  
And on her lost love pondered.

Lonely by Lethe's stream her footsteps strayed;  
And "Oh!" she said, in sighing,  
"That I might dip, and my poor life be made  
Like dreams with daylight dying."

The big tears from her blue eyes raining down,  
Fell on earth's pitying bosom;  
Sudden there sprang up the shadowy brow,  
Blue as her eyes, a blossom.

And o'er her head, soft, rustling, came, and low,  
As though some bird's wing fluttered,  
In tones loved none whose love was all her soul;  
"Forget-me-not!" was uttered.

No more, no night, no touch, these words alone  
And "Ah!" she cried, "forget that!"  
Nay, but her life was now a life of bliss;  
Half love it is to regret that!

"Forget that!" Nay, those flowers my tears begot  
Shall be to me a token  
Of love that shall be called 'Forget-me-not,'  
Nay, but her life was now a life of bliss;

So well, sweet sister flowers, we welcome you,  
With faith and love and devotion;  
Born of the tears from Psyche's eyes of bliss,  
For her lost love forgetting.

### THE WANDERING JEW.

BY H. P.

It is impossible to tell in what the idea of this never-dying, wandering, apparently mythical person originated.

And yet may there not have been a foundation of reality for the story? Is it at all improbable that the Saviour was being dragged forth from the judgment seat of Pilate, that a porter of the hall, named Cartaphilus, should have impulsively struck him on the back with rude hand, and said, "Go quicker, Jesus, why dost thou loiter?" and that the Master should have turned upon him his sorrowful eyes, and answered, "I am going; but thou shalt wait till my return?"

Or, is the more common story in the least improbable, which tells how when Jesus was being led to execution, bearing the heavy weight of his cross, he tried to rest a little at the door of Ananias, the shoemaker. And how Ananias, in his hardness of heart, and in the blindness of his soul, snatched him and urged him forward, the Saviour replying, "I shall stand and rest, but thou shalt travel onward till the last day?"

It does not seem in the least improbable that such incidents should have occurred. And so these incidents came afterwards to be related among the crowds of fervent believers, that a tradition should grow up that the offending porter or shoemaker was still alive, wandering up and down, seeking rest and finding none—and should so wander until the second appearance of the triumphant Lord.

And what more natural, in the superstition and intellectual darkness of the middle ages, than for the sight of an old, wandering man, with long beard and pilgrim's staff, being to mind the legend, and cause the credulous crowd to query with one another whether that could be Ananias or Cartaphilus?

An Archbishop of Armenia, who came on a pilgrimage to England in 1228, averred through an interpreter that he knew Cartaphilus, who had been converted to Christianity, and baptized by Ananias under the name of Joseph—and had many conversations with him. He dwelt in Armenia, had become a devout and pious man, and frequently related the incidents which occurred at the crucifixion. At that time he was thirty years of age; and when he attained the age of an hundred years, he always returned again to the age of thirty.

In 1547 the Wandering Jew himself—but not the one described by the Archbishop of Armenia—is said to have been seen in Hamburg by Doctor Paul von Eitzen, afterwards Bishop of Schleswig. This was Ananias, the shoemaker.

But, according to the records, there is scarcely a country in Europe, which has not an account of being visited at some time by the Wandering Jew.

The last period of his appearance in England was about the latter part of the seventeenth century. Those who heard him were perplexed by his familiarity with foreign tongues and places. Oxford and Cambridge professors, sent to detect him as an impostor, were puzzled by him. An English nobleman is said to have conversed with him in Arabic. He told the nobleman—that seems very probable—that the historical works in that language were not to be relied upon. He might have gone further, and said the same of the historical works in all other languages, but I suppose he meant to speak by the card, and had especial knowledge of Arabia. He had known Mahomet, and considered the Prophet denied that Christ had been crucified, he had checked him abruptly by telling him he was mistaken, for he himself had been an eye-witness of that event. He was also in Rome when Nero set it on fire—and so that alleged historical fact may be considered established, and our friend, T. E., who always said that Nero was a malignant man, being abused by the Roman aristocracy because he stood between their tyranny and the people, was proved after all. The personification of the Wandering Jew also had known Tamerlane and Saladin, and could give minute details of the Crusades. After he left London he appeared in Denmark, and then in Sweden, and then vanished,—but if he was the veritable Wandering Jew, and is now alive, he may be expected to turn up some day, like all other distinguished foreigners, and give a course of ten lectures on the subject.

If a claimant to the honor of being the converted Wandering Jew should now appear, the age, with all its alleged materialism, is not grown so scientific and sceptical but what we could promise him plenty of believers. And probably we have reason to rejoice that it is so, and that faith in the spiritual and wonderful still survives, even if we may mourn certain of its manifestations. Better a reasonable amount of credulity and imposture, than a cold and utterly barren scepticism.

### BACHELORS AND BABIES.

BY LAURA SHARP.

"I do not like children as an institution—not even babies, about whom so many falsehoods have been said and sung; but look upon them as little pink, pulpy abominations, whom nothing but strong maternal instincts, implanted for the preservation of the species, could induce any one to undergo the vexation of rearing."

I read the above and more like it not long since in one of our leading periodicals; and you may be sure I voted the writer of it a miserable old bachelor who never had the love of one of these little ones to brighten up the gloomy hours of his single wretchedness. No little, snuggled arms have been twined lovingly around his neck; no little rosy mouth has ever been pressed to his, leaving there the sweet tokens of love; no little bright eyes have ever looked into his while a sweet cherry voice said, "Papa!"

Oh, no; it was not a father that wrote the above. It must have been some one, too, who had forgotten he was ever a baby; forgotten, also, the mother who bore him and cared for him in his infancy. No amount of kicking or screaming on his part ever led her to say, "I do not like babies as an institution." Ah! he was somebody's darling then, if he is not now. Poor fellow! all the harm I wish him is that some day he will find himself married and the father of three or four as bright and mischief-loving a set of boys as the angels ever sent to the earth. I wonder what he would say then! I know his iron-bound heart would give way, and his grim, stern visage brighten up a little. There is a wonderful magic in the word "papa" when uttered by one's own. Oh, pity the sorrows of a poor old man who has never sung a lullaby to his own baby, or had his nicely-brushed hair and whiskers disarranged by a pair of little fat hands just fresh from a bread and butter lunch!

Ah! there is a pleasure in those things, if you could only see it. Think how much better it would be to spend money for marble, hoops and dolls, than to spend it for cigars, tobacco and beer; think how much more pleasure you would feel with watching a perambulator with a bright-eyed baby in it (no matter if it was trying the strength of its lungs) than to be driving in a phaeton all by yourself. Think of these things, O ye bachelors, and then follow the example of wise married men.

### UNCLE GRUM.

A Fairy Story for Little Folks.

BY MYRTLE HANSON.

There lived, once on a time, a certain great, stout, disagreeable gentleman, whose name was Mr. Grum. You know there are some people who make themselves provoking in everything that they do; and this Mr. Grum was one of those people. He was great, thick, creaking, loud, the nobility liked to hear coming up their steps. He had a way of blowing his nose that you would have disliked very much, if you could have heard him. He hated children; and having said that, I don't think there is any need of adding another word to this description, but that we can just go on with the story, setting him down as a grumbling, growing, rusty, fusty, ill-mannered, story-heated, grim old Grum.

It happened, then, one day, that little Frankie Mitchell, having nothing else to do, and being a very daring boy for his years, asked Uncle Grum to tell him a story. Uncle Grum did not believe in fairy tales, of course; but, by way of punishing Frankie for daring to beg a story of him, he told the poor boy such a dreadful story of a giant who had killed Frankie's dad but eat by sandwiches, that Frankie dared not go to bed alone for a week after, and started up, screaming, as often as he went to sleep. It fell out, however, that the Dreamman, who was bringing pleasant dreams for Frankie, heard every word of Uncle Grum's story, standing behind Frankie's crib; and telling it in Fairy Land, there was great indignation.

"We'll teach him to frighten little boys!" said all the elves.

So, that night, as Uncle Grum was sound asleep, dreaming of boxing little girls' ears, something hit him a smart tap on the shoulder; but, jumping up, he saw nothing—only that his shoes were on the bed. He was surprised at that, and threw them off the bed, white covered quickly. Hardly had they touched the carpet, however, when they popped again, on the bed, and "Put us on!" growled one of the shoes, hoarsely.

"Good gracious me!" cried Uncle Grum. "Put us on, I say!" growled both the shoes together, this time.

So Uncle Grum had nothing to do but to put them on. Hardly were his toes wet in, when they made him get out of bed, and he found that they were marching him straight towards the door.

"Here, this won't do! Stop! I say!" squeaked Uncle Grum. But the shoes went straight on, without minding him in the least.

"Stop—wait a moment!" puffed Grum. "Let me get on my clothes, anyhow!"

But the shoes went on, just as if he had not said a word, and trotted him down stairs, and, shivering, out of doors, on the doorknob. He had not gone very far before he came to a brook, and stopped on the bank, for the water was very deep, and whirled in a very uncomfortable way for one who had any notion of crossing. The shoes twitched at Grum's toes, but he caught hold of a young tree, and held on with all his might, bellowing, "I won't go in—I shall be drowned! I won't—I won't!"

"Oh, you won't," said a voice near him; and looking around, there stood a tall man, wrapped in hood and cloak in a long, white cloud. "What won't you do? and what are you bawling here for?"

"I have got on a pair of bewitched shoes," said Uncle Grum, "and they are trying to drown me!"

"Let me look at them," answered the stranger. "I know how to manage such shoes."

Then old Grum held up first one foot and then the other, and the man in the white cloud, and you wonder what the dear old man, and then the other, his long, white finger, and the moment he had done so, the tree slipped from between Uncle Grum's hands, as if it had been a greased pole, and whick, wig, splash, bubble, bubble, went Uncle Grum, head foremost, into the deepest of the water, where he kicked and floundered, gasping and gurgling. You should have heard the water-elves laugh. They came all crowding to the top to pull Grum's hair, to pinch at his arms, to pull at his toes, and splash him, every time that he got his head out of the water. He was very nearly a dead Uncle Grum, before he got to the opposite bank; and such a cold Uncle Grum—such a wet, stiff, sticky, miserable Uncle Grum, with such a dreadful pair of shoes, that marched him straight off through the forest, over stones, and through briars, slipping, stumbling, getting scratches, trying to hold back, calling for help, and, what was strange, that all the time thinking of Frankie Mitchell. Somehow he could not get the boy out of his head.

As they marched along through the forest, a frog began to croak; and this was what it said:—

"That's right; hurry on the old dinner; He'll make a good stew for the giant's dinner."

Guess how frightened Grum was at that! And hardly was the frog quiet, when a honey-bee came buzzing by, with

"Look! look! here's something new! Grum is going to be cooked a stew."

Before the bee was out of sight, Grum saw a monstrous cat, with a light of two hundred steps leading up to the door, in which sat the very giant he had told Frankie Mitchell about—great eyes, long nails, bushy beard, big tooth—everything.

"How did you come here?" roared the giant.

"I didn't come," whispered Grum. "My shoes brought me. They are bewitched."

"Stuff!" said the giant (that was a fa-

vorite word of Grum's); "you needn't tell me!" (another favorite ejaculation of Grum's), "shoes are never bewitched. You are a spy. I see through you. I shall have you made into a stew! That is the way I treat spies."

Then Grum began to shriek and beg, but the shoes marched him up the steps; and the giant, picking him up, hung him by the heels in the pantry, till he should be ready to eat him; and Grum was screaming and struggling, when—he woke up, choking, and with all the blood in his head.

I hope he was better natured, after that; I think he might have been, don't you?

### POPULAR SUPERSTITIONS.

It is, perhaps, doubtful whether a man or woman can be found who does not hold some irrational fancy about signs and omens. Even people who profess to be above any such weaknesses yield at least half assent to them, laughing at their own folly, and secretly believing while denying. For instance, the highly respectable body of "Friends" is held accountable for the rainy week which so inconveniently visits us at the time of the Yearly Meeting. Argument is useless, they say, against facts. The Yearly Meeting occurs in its annual course, and the "rainy season" comes along about the same time. The believers in "signs and omens" understand that the annual rain does not cause the Yearly Meeting; and therefore they infer that the Yearly Meeting must cause the rain. When the facts coincide, they cannot be gainsaid, but the logic is rather lame for all that. But in the domain of argument facts sometimes become sadly demoralized.

As for such logic appears, it is quite as good as employed in some so-called scientific and philosophical theorizing; and it is better than the average grounds of popular superstitions.

Here is the month of May, for instance. More people than would be supposed hold that the month of May is a disastrous month to be married in. Facts unfortunately support this superstition. Many people marry who wish afterward that they had "let well enough alone," and remained single. If their weddings happened in May they are living witnesses to the bad character of that unfortunate month. Any reason for one's misfortune is better than an honest confession that it is one's own fault; and as nobody is to blame because May is in the calendar, to put the blame on the month leaves the sufferer an innocent martyr and an unhappy victim of circumstances. Those whose wedded lives are fortunate, notwithstanding that they married in May, are not commuted. Another wedding superstition refers to the clouds. At a recent wedding party the rain threw a damper over the guests—mental as well as physical. "Never mind," said a wag, "blessed is the bride that the rain rains on!" "But I thought it was the other way," objected a forlorn young lady. "That," said the quoter of the proverb, "depends entirely upon the weather!"—There was sunshine at once in all the faces.

Where education and intercourse deprive these superstitions of their weight, they become harmless and the subject of jest rather than serious thought;—however a latent faith may linger in the mind. But, in an ignorant and isolated community, old superstitions keep their hold, with an iron grasp. Recently, in England, an inquest was held on a young woman who had committed suicide. It was in evidence at the inquest, that the deceased a few weeks before her death, had encountered a woman reputed to be a "witch," and that the deceased thought the "witch" had "overlooked" her. She fell, in consequence, into melancholy, and under the intolerable weight of her superstitious gloom, destroyed herself. The term "overlooked" meaning that the witch had attentively scanned her all over, shows the primitive vocabulary of the district. By "overlook" in modern acceptance we mean forget, or not see at all.

To take up all the instances of popular superstition, dying out as they are among the educated, yet powerful over the weak minds and not quite powerless against strong ones, would require a volume. They are usually remnants of the old Pagan superstitions, which have kept their traditional hold on the human mind, in spite of religious and educational enlightenment. They change their names, perhaps, but preserve their ridiculous essence; and ought not to be recognized by rational people, even in jest.

### HOLY TRIFLES.

BY F. F.

Can that be called "a trifle" which makes home attractive? We think not; therefore we like flowers or plants in windows. There are some houses which seem to feel as though we were on intimate terms with the inmates, through these cheerful mute tokens. Mute! did I say? Have our past lives been so barren of incident that the perfume of a flower never brought before us some bright face or loved form, which has made life to us blessed? You must have felt it—and you, and you? I am sure of it. Just such a rose as that you have seen in her hair; and you sit dreamily looking at it, as it sways gracefully on the stem, and you wonder what the dear old man, so many hundred miles away, is thinking of now, and whether her full-blossomed life has fulfilled to her its budding promise.

And that reminds you how the whirlpool of life's cares and duties had almost engulfed these sweet memories; and resolutely turn your back upon them all, you sit down and write a warm heart-letter, which comes to her in her distant home, like a white-winged dove, the window of a dreary winter day. And all this came of the little rose in your window; the old love awakened in your heart, and the gladness to hers!

Eloquent? If flowers are not eloquent, who or what is? Then, why are so many withered leaves put away with bright tresses and pressed passionately to lonely lips, whose quivering no eyes save His "who wounds but to heal?" Eloquent?—Could mines of gold by them? This was twined in her hair; and that was laid upon her coffin-lid. No fingers but yours may touch the shrivelled treasure. For her sake you have placed their blossoming counterparts in your window. You shut your eyes when you go near them, that their perfume may seem her very breath.

Eloquent? Why does the old man stoop, and with trembling fingers pick the daisy or violet, and place them in his button-hole? Don't question him about it while he lives; but when he is dead, and his whole life—little flower. "My mother liked primroses," the matron says to her little child; and so the blossom in her home as they did many years ago, in the nursery-window of her childhood. Ah, these "mothers!" whose "rights" guaranteed by the Great Lawgiver, nor statute makers nor statute breakers can weaken or set aside. Long years after they are dust, shall some little blossom they loved be placed in a box, which years unceasingly, over and above every other human love, for her who gave it those warm pulsations. Blessed be these memorials of "the long ago!"

### News of Interest

THE London Daily Telegraph sheds a journalistic tear, nearly two columns long, over the gradually approaching time when the elephant will be numbered among extinct animals.

AREN'T we doctored overmuch? We have a physician to every 618 of our population, while in France and England there is one to every 2,000. But, then, doctors must live, whatever happens to their patients.

EMILY FAITHFUL, the English lady who is one of the most respected and able of the advocates of the interests of her sex, says that in her opinion the intemperate use of ice water is one of the causes of the delicate health of American women.

CHILDREN have a passion for scribbling in their school books, and as the practice does not add to the beauty of the volumes, the trouble has been met half way by a publisher who issues books having silica slates attached to the inside covers.

An enterprising firm in London lately paid 6000 rupees for the privilege of collecting the hair shorn from the heads of pilgrims at the Magh Mela, at Allahabad, and the whole capillary harvest has been shipped off to London, to be made into chignons.

A NEW work-box of Vienna manufacture is a pot containing a small rose-bush. The pot is of Russia leather, and the roses on the bush of muslin nicely perfumed. By pressing a spring the bush flies back, and underneath is seen a fine array of sewing implements.

A MAN in Nevada recently, while walking with his brother, to attend the latter's wedding, was astonished by a proposition to take the bride off his hands and marry her in his stead. With true good nature he consented, and the prospective bridegroom and groomsmen changed places, to the satisfaction of all persons concerned.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Smithsonian Institution who has spent considerable time in investigation of the subject, in answer to a remark by Professor Henry, that "the immense water power at Niagara may, in the progress of practical science, be applied to the purposes of industry," states that by the "last census there are 52,017 water-wheels in operation in American manufacturing establishments, giving a power of 1,130,411 horses, while Niagara Falls gives a power of 11,363,036 horses."

SOMEbody has been summing up the fate of kings and emperors as follows: Out of two thousand five hundred and forty emperors or kings, over sixty-four nations, two hundred and ninety-nine were deposed, sixty-four abdicated, twenty committed suicide, eleven went mad, one hundred died on the battle-field, one hundred and fifty-three were made prisoners, twenty-five were pronounced martyrs and saints, one hundred and fifty-one were assassinated, sixty-two were poisoned, and one hundred and eight were sentenced to death. Total, nine hundred and sixty-three.

A COMPANY has been formed in London "to supply a want which had long been felt by the provision of horses and carriages of



## THE BRIDAL OF THE ROSE.

Flashed by delicate odors from the south,  
And crowned with light, the lovely rosy glow;  
A sunbeam came and kissed her ruby mouth,  
Chasing away the diamond drops of dew;  
She hung her head whereon a wreath of green  
Heavily adorned her hair and fluttered free;  
The kindly sunbeam kissed her for her gown,  
And flattered on the bosom of her dress.  
All day his kisses pressed her fragrant mouth,  
While round them sang the birds merrily;  
All day the winds were blowing from the south,  
And lilacs murmured underneath the tree;  
No clouds obscured her lover from her view,  
The sky above was one broad mass of blue.

The butterflies, with gorgeous often wings,  
Came round the rose upon her bridal morn;  
The music of a thousand mystic things,  
Like wedding bells, upon the air were borne.  
A white convolvulus had climbed the tree,  
And close it pressed behind the blushing bride;  
On opening buds that blossomed on every side,  
A veil of splendor over the rose was thrown.  
The faintest tinge "The bride" her lips both knew,  
And so the sunbeam made the rose his own,  
And love, immortal love, made glad their home;  
Her ruby leaves enclosed for very bliss,  
And heavenward lifted up her face to him.

## TAKEN IN;

OR,  
THE WIDOW BARLOW.

BY MARY DALLAS.

Peter Buskirk was very fond of money, not so fond that he quite starved himself to keep it, or hid it up chimney, or refused himself fire, or lights, or a pillow. But, yet, so very fond of it as to be on the verge of miserhood without having quite fallen over.

Beggars reaped no harvest from his purse or kitchen; and match-makers could make no impression on his bachelor heart. The men wanted to rob him, the women to marry him. The last was the worst. Not that Peter hated women—on the contrary, even at fifty he was remarkably susceptible; a bright eye put him in a flutter. But the fact was, women, as wives or daughters, were expensive. They were proverbially extravagant. Should he marry one, she would spend his money while he lived, and squander it after he was dead. And, with this awful terror before him, Peter steered clear of the shoals of matrimony.

Two or three times indeed had he stood upon the verge of a tender passion. But each time some display of extravagance had frightened him back into his shell. Once it was an ostrich feather in a blue bonnet. Another time the sight of his fair one eating ices. The third, the sudden assumption of voluminous crinolines. In fact, since hope had become the rage, Peter had more utterly abjured matrimony than ever. What must a woman's dress cost so disdained, Peter dared not think. He saw those befouled robes which so horrified him very frequently; not only in the street, but at sundry parties to which he was invited, and which he always made a point of attending, because they saved him a meal. There they spread before his eyes, and strengthened his resolution to live and die a bachelor.

There was one inconvenience in this bachelorhood, however. That was the house-keeping; for it involved a servant—some one to make beds, wash dishes, cook and iron. In short, the servant-of-all-work was always the bane of Peter's life, eating and drinking in a manner which kept the master of the house in a continual ferment; wasting butter and fuel, and each change in the kitchen's encumbrance being followed by the mysterious appearance of towels and napkins, and such small ware. In despair, he flew to a certain Mrs. Brown, the giver of parties innumerable, to ask advice.

He told his woes, his terrors, and his anxieties; the lady shook her head.

"Servants are bad plagues," she said.

"Eat you out of house and home," said Peter.

"Not to be relied on for honesty," said Mrs. Brown.

"Thieves, ma'am, thieves," said Peter.

"Ah," said Mrs. Brown, "a gentleman has no time to watch them. Now I should advise marrying, Mr. Buskirk."

"Yes, sir—a wife can manage such things so much better. Besides, if you choose a smart capable woman, she will keep an eye on the servant. It would be much more economical to marry."

"Economical!" yelled Peter, "my good lady. Eco—I—oh, goodness! Feathers and flowers, lace and silks, and rings and—ice-cream and things economical. How many yards do you take for a dress, ma'am?"

"Well, sir, twelve or fifteen—sometimes when it's a silk, you know, eighteen."

"Eighteen yards, at three dollars or so a yard, and not one dress, but twenty. My good lady, it would be enough to ruin a man."

Mrs. Brown reflected.

"But if you could find an economical woman, Mr. Buskirk, I could find a maid."

"One who never wanted a cent."

"She does not exist, ma'am."

"Who lives on next to nothing. The fact is, Mr. Buskirk, I have such a lady in my eye. She's a widow—quite a young one—Mrs. Barlow, and I'll have her at my house next week."

Peter Buskirk grinned sarcastically.

"Economy in hoops and bonnets," he said to himself. "They want to marry me and spend my money."

And he went home wroth.

However, economy forbade him to refuse an invitation to dinner; and when, a week after, Mrs. Brown sent her compliments, etc., etc., Mr. Buskirk donned his Sunday suit and went over at five precisely. The parlor was full of ladies; ladies in silks and muslins, with crinolines and founces. Most of them Mr. Buskirk knew well, and looked about in vain for a stranger. Mrs. Brown's note had said:

"Mrs. Barlow will be with us."

"But which was that economical widow? Probably the lady in green silk near the piano. He could not remember her face."

Suddenly Mr. Buskirk's doubts were set at rest. Mrs. Brown ejaculated: "Dear me, where is cousin Betsy? Mr. Buskirk, you must be introduced to Mrs. Barlow; and at these words something small and fat emerged from between two poorly damed, and stood before him. It was a very short and slender little woman, with a remarkably pretty face. She wore no hoops, and her dress cleared her ankles. The sleeves were close, and the skirt had perhaps three breadths in it. The dress itself was of very plain brown merino, and she wore neither brooch nor bow, only a white linen collar. Peter looked approval. Several of the ladies exchanged glances, and a faint giggle was heard; and, as though by common consent, the two were left alone in a corner.

"Pleasant day," said Peter to commence the conversation. "Pleasant day, but cold," said the lady.

"Ah, yes; but I dislike cold weather," said the lady.

"Don't agree with you, ma'am?"

"Oh, that's not it. I am never ill; but cold weather is so expensive. Lights early,

and coal's dear," proceeded the lady. "Money slips through one's fingers; and I never waste things."

"My case exactly," said Buskirk. "It's astonishing how things cost. Now, there is butter—say a pound every two weeks."

"Oh, I never eat butter—it costs too much," said the lady.

"Ah! and sugar and tea and coffee."

"If you indulge in such luxuries, what can you expect?" said Mrs. Barlow.

"They are artificial wants altogether, so they are," said Mr. Buskirk. "But then, habit is second nature."

"Extravagant habits ruin many," said Mrs. Barlow. "Oh! I shudder when I look at those founces. Such a waste of material."

"I've often thought so," said Peter. "And you don't wear them?"

"I," said Mrs. Barlow. "I have my senses, sir. I've had this dress ten years."

"Indeed!" said Peter. "And I suppose some ladies buy one every ten months."

"Every ten days," said Mrs. Barlow. "Oh, I blush for my sex, Mr. Buskirk, I do, indeed!"

Peter was charmed. He began to think Mrs. Brown right. The cost of such a wife would be a mere trifle, and what an eye she would keep to the expenses of a household. Besides, she was pretty and young—a prize if ever there was one.

Ere the evening was over he had decided that it would be cheaper to marry than to remain single, were Mrs. Barlow his help-mate.

So, after due consideration, Peter resolved to court the economical widow, and that lady being conveniently domiciled at Mrs. Brown's he found every opportunity.

It was a very inexpensive courtship. He gave her not a present. She expected none. He took her nowhere save to church, where neither of them ever saw the plate, and both were happy.

At last he proposed. She blushed and hesitated, and begged time to consider. At last she said: "I am afraid to say yes, Mr. Buskirk. I like you; but you are so terribly extravagant. You drink tea and coffee and eat butter, and really I should fear coming to want, I should, indeed!"

"I! Why, I'm the most economical soul living," said Peter.

"Extravagant people always think that," said the lady. "No, I'm afraid to say yes, unless, indeed, you were to make my property over to me, so that I could be sure you would not ruin yourself. Of course that is impossible, and it would be such a case that really I could scarcely desire it, even for a gentleman I so much respect."

And the economical relict blushed and hesitated.

It was Peter's turn to pause and consider. "My money would be safer in your hands than mine," he said. "Marry me, and keep me from being ruined!"

What the widow's answer was may be judged from the fact that three weeks from that day they were united, the bride wearing her brown merino, in the pocket of which she carefully deposited the deeds which made the property exclusively her own.

"Now for happiness," said Peter. "No more thieving servants—no more waste—and a lovely wife into the bargain. He, he, he! Peter Buskirk is the man for luck."

And he took his wife home to dine on cold meat and radishes, being absolutely ashamed even to speak of his accustomed sautéed chop before so economical a lady.

The next morning he hurried off to business.

"Never waste time, love," said the newly-married dame. "Besides, I've a great deal to attend to; so—good-bye."

"Good-bye," responded Peter. "What a treasure you are, my dear. The washing, I suppose? My mother always washed on Monday."

And away he went, content with himself and all the world.

At six he returned. Horror of horrors! there were ladders against his house, and men upon them. Had there been a fire?

He rushed up breathless.

"What is the matter? Who are these men?" he panted. "Fire! thieves! Oh! I must be dreaming."

"Don't make a noise, love," said a voice from the parlor window. "They're only the house-painters."

"House-painters?"

"Yes, dear. Don't you know the Dutch proverb, 'A coat of paint pays itself'?"

Peter breathed again.

"But the awful expense!" he said. "Dear, dear, you should have consulted me."

He stumbled into the house, and over the form of a man kneeling in the hall.

"Who are you?" he said.

In reply, the person produced a card, on which was printed,

"GILT AND BINDER—UPHOLSTERERS."

"And what are you doing?" gasped Peter.

"Measuring the hall for a new oil-cloth, sir," said the man.

A woman was making up a carpet in the front parlor—another was arranging curtains.

He rushed up stairs.

There sat another woman, also at work. Again he gasped the question, "Who are you?"

"Mrs. Buskirk's regular seamstress, please, sir," said the woman.

"And where is Mrs. Buskirk?"

"Here, love," said a voice.

And there entered, from an adjoining room, a lady dressed in silk, and in expensive crinoline, with bracelets, brooch, earrings, and a little lace cap worth a small fortune.

"The furniture is ordered, and the painters are here, and I've engaged all the servants, Mr. Buskirk," said the lady; "and cook wants to know whether you like beef under or well done. In such things you shall have your choice always. There was intended to make a pudding to-day, so we must have ices. Strawberries, too, are only fifty cents a basket."

"Mrs. Buskirk, have you gone crazy?" said Peter; "or am I dreaming?"

"I'm wide awake, at all events," cried the lady. "I've starved long enough, and worn that brown merino until I hate it. I always was fond of dress."

"Fond of dress?" repeated Peter, "and loved good things?"

"Loved good things," repeated the spouse; "and now I'm married I mean to have them."

"But if I had—known—I—" began Peter.

"Wouldn't have married me, I suppose," said the bride. "Well, my cousin, Mrs. Brown, told me that, you know."

Peter looked at her. The truth was plain at last. He tried to speak, but could not. He stared at his lady for five minutes, by the clock, and then rushed out of the house, muttering "Taken in! taken in!"

It is said Peter Buskirk never recovered the shock. Against his will he lived luxuriously ever after; and his wife astonished the neighborhood by her magnificent attire and grand parties. But nevertheless Peter himself expired in less than a year; and the last words on his lips were said to be "Taken in! taken in!"

## Jasper Onslow's Wife.

BY CLEMENTINE MONTAGU,  
AUTHOR OF "THE COST OF CONQUEST," ETC.

(This serial was commenced in No. 27. Back numbers can be obtained from all newspapers throughout the United States, or direct from the office.)

## CHAPTER XXXVI.

## A CLUE.

Ernest Dormer saw the man who had uttered Teresa Schavoni's name walk away from the throng and skirt the edge of the crowd at the railings, staring about him and muttering in a wild, dreamy way to himself. He did not look particularly mad—only a little eccentric; but Ernest felt sure he was a lunatic and watched him intently.

"How odd that name of all others should be upon his lips," he thought to himself. "If I had not positive proof of the man I once went hunting for being dead, I should have thought—Bah! I am a fool! In my eagerness to penetrate the secret of this Teresa, I fancy all sorts of things. 'The thief doth fear each bush an officer,' Shakespeare says, and I make every molehill of suspicion into a mountain of fact. He may be only some one who has seen that advertisement."

He was more surprised than ever when he saw the strange man walk up to Anthony Collier and touch him on the shoulder.

He was close enough now to hear what he said, and to see the wild start of astonishment the old man gave.

"You," he exclaimed, "here?"

"I might exclaim as much as you," the other replied; "but I got over my surprise at the sight of you weeks ago. I've seen you a score of times, and knew you in a moment. What are you doing in London?"

"Looking for my brother."

"I dare say. I did not proclaim the fact to all the world. I have or had one, if he is alive, of which fact I have my doubts, and I want to find him. What brings you here?"

A name was on his lips, but the other stopped him.

"No names," he said. "I have been told that name does not belong to me. I have been shut up in a madhouse, and told that I was somebody else. I have been beaten, starved, chained for using the name I inherited from my father; so don't speak it, lest the birds of the air carry it to her, and they catch me again."

"Are you sure that you are not a little mad now?" Anthony Collier said, grimly. "I don't quite know what you are talking about. What has brought you to England?"

"I came to seek her."

"Teresa?"

"The deuce you did. I should have thought you had had enough of her, the yellow-haired demon."

"Enough—yes, in one way; but I want more to satisfy me."

"May heaven help her when you find her!"

"Amen to that prayer, John Harpington."

"That's not my name here. It served my turn out yonder, but I'll take my own here. I'm Anthony Collier now, and for the future, if you please."

It was the stranger's turn to look astonished now, and he did. His sallow face turned almost ghastly, and the light died out of his eyes.

"Is—Jasper Collier, of Marling Manor, the brother you are looking for?" he asked, in a gasping sort of voice.

"Yes, why?"

"I'll tell you. I never find him."

"Give it up; give it up. What makes you say that—you who are looking for some one yourself? Am I not as likely to succeed in my search as you are in yours?"

"No."

"Why?"

"Because you have no clue. I have. I know where to put my hand on Teresa Schavoni when I choose to stretch it out. You must help me."

"See I; find her for yourself. I warned the silly young fool she lured to his death as solemnly as I could, for his father's sake. When he went his own way, I washed my hands of the whole wretched business; and when I heard that he had paid with his life for his folly I was not surprised. If I were to advise you, I should say let her go. You will rue the day you ever see her again."

"I have seen her, and I have rued it," said the man, gloomily; and Ernest Dormer made a step forward to speak to him.

"There has been some juggling here," he said to himself. "It is the man, and he is alive."

He stopped short, all attention, for the man spoke again.

"I have passed through much since I saw you at Tampico," he said. "I owe you something for the kind words you spoke to me there. Had I known you were my old friend's brother, I should have confided in you more fully. I'll do you a good turn now. Would you like to find your brother?"

"Would I like to find him? I am spending my life to no other end. Can you help me?"

A wild glitter came into the haggard-looking eyes of the strange man as he replied, slowly—

"I can."

"Where is he? Tell me, for heaven's sake! Is he alive?"

"Some people take a great deal of killing," was the odd reply. "They couldn't kill me, though they tried. You go to Limehouse, Anthony Collier, and—"

He was stopped by Anthony Collier rising suddenly and pointing straight forward to the drive. Something he saw there put even his search for his brother out of his head for the moment, and he clutched his companion's arm with a nervous grip.

A beautifully-appointed pony carriage was passing by with two ladies in it. The silver-mounted harness glittered in the sun, and the sleek coats of the ponies shone with a glow that spoke of perfect grooming, and only sufficient work to keep them in health.

A mounted groom rode beside the carriage, and a tiny tiger sat perched on the seat behind his mistress, ready to jump down and obey her slightest behest.

"Look there!" the old man said. "Am I mad, or dreaming. Do you see?"

"That carriage there with the dun ponies. Look—look!"

"Yes, I see it."

"Who is that woman—the young one? Surely you do not see her?"

"Yes, I see her. That is Miss Doris Carlyn, almost the richest heiress in London, the belle of the season, who for some inexplicable reason or other remains single. She's a beauty, isn't she? and so good! Oh, it is a privilege to be acquainted with Miss Doris

Carlyn. Let go my hand—let me go, I say! We will talk together another time. They will catch me if I stay here!"

He wrenched himself free from the old man's detaining hand, and was gone before Anthony Collier had recovered from his amazement, pushing the people near them right and left in a passion of vague terror, as it seemed.

He had cause to be frightened, apparently, for he was scarcely out of sight before two men came up.

"Where did he come from, sir? Which way did he go?" they asked, in a breath.

"I can't tell you either," he said. "I wish you'd catch him for me, my good people. He was just on the point of giving me some very valuable information."

"Was he, now, sir?" one of them said, with a curious twinkle in his eyes. "He's often doing that, he is."

"Is he mad, then? I fancied he was a little queer."

"Mad as a March hare, sir. There never wasn't anybody ever madder in this world. Don't you believe anything he says."

"Are you pursuing him?"

"Well, not exactly—he isn't of much account in the world now. Not but what we would have caught him and taken him home safe, if we could have got him."

"Mad!" murmured Anthony Collier to himself. "Poor fellow; it is not much wonder. I shan't go to Limehouse—at any rate, till I have been to France. I think I shall get the clue there."

Doris Carlyn, in her pretty carriage, caught sight of the face of Anthony Collier, and a puzzled look came over her features.

His seemed familiar to her somehow. While she was trying to recall where she had seen him, she saw her cousin standing by the railings, and beckoned to him.

"Who is that old man staring at me?" she asked.

"That is the man who is such an incubus to the Onslows just now," he said. "Jasper Collier's brother."

"Is that the man? Then that accounts for my thinking I had seen him before. He resembles his brother, and, of course, his face seemed familiar to me."

"I heard him called by another name just now," Ernest Dormer said; "but it was only by an escaped lunatic, so perhaps that's nothing."

"Another name?"

"Yes."

"What was it?"

"John Harpington. You are awfully pale, Doris. Are you ill?"

"A little cold, I think," she said, with a shiver. "What is it the old woman says when you get a chill? 'There's some one walking over your grave.' Some one must be dancing on mine, I think. I feel sick with cold. So that's Mr. Collier, is it? I hope Mr. Onslow enjoys being worried by him. He looks like a determined old fellow."

"He won't worry any one for a little while. He is off to France to seek his brother. He has found some clue, I think."

"He?" asked Doris, rather absently. She didn't feel very much interested in the search after Jasper Collier.

"He's an odd fellow," Ernest went on, with his hand on the side of the carriage. "I heard him talking about another missing person just now."

"Who?"

"The woman about whom I once read an advertisement at Kingholm Grange—Teresa Schavoni."

"I remember. How very disagreeable it must be to be roving about the world seeking for people one can't find. Who was he talking to—you?"

"No; to a man who seems to be an escaped lunatic—the said Teresa's husband, I fancy."

"A good many people must be walking over my grave," Doris said, her lips quite white and her teeth chattering. "I must have caught a chill. I'll get home, I think. Have you had enough of the drive for to-day, auntie, dear?"

"Quite enough," said Mrs. Bellow, meekly.

And they drove off with a parting salutation to Ernest Dormer, who strode homeward in gloomy abstraction.

"What will become of this Teresa when they catch her?" he asked himself. "Will they hang her? Ugh! It's horrible to think of! I wish I had never had any curiosity about her. I had better have shut my eyes to everything, and let her and her wickedness alone."

Three days from the time when he had met the madman in the park, Anthony Collier reached the little village in Langue-doc, where the self-exiled Mr. Onslow had died. Despite his intention of going to Limehouse no more, the madman's words had made an impression on him, and he presented himself at the police office again, only to hear what he had heard before, and to receive no further information whatever.

They told him about the madman who had so frightened Muriel Onslow, and of his wild words; but as Jasper Collier had not only been seen but spoken to on the morning of his departure, they counted for nothing. "When I come back from France, I'll get into the house, if I have to break in," he said; "but I think I shall find the clue there."

"I think very like it," the superintendent said, who had heard the whole story; "and I wish you every success, I am sure."

Anthony Collier went to Paris first and possessed himself of the note, then straight to the house of Father Alphonse Lemaître. The priest was very willing to tell all he knew. Mr. Onslow was quite right, he said, the note came from him. He had been very good. A blessing would surely go with his wealth, since he had remembered the poor so liberally with it.

"I hardly know why I have come to see you about it at all," Anthony said to the kindly priest; "but I have a feeling very strong that somehow or other this note will help me to trace my brother. Mr. Onslow was perfectly frank and open with me about it. He says he had it from him, and that he had many from him at different times, but not enclosed."

"I think Mr. Onslow mistakes," Father Lemaître said. "Doubtless so much money passed through his hand that he does not well remember each note he gets.







made of herself. I wonder she is not ashamed to go through the streets in such a guise! Indeed, I wonder she shows herself at all."

"Richard, you—you—will not be drawn in again?" were the next whispered words. "Mother!" There was a sternness in his mild blue eyes as he cast them upon his mother. Those beautiful eyes—the very counterpart of Barbara's, both his and hers—the counterpart of Mrs. Hare's. The look had been sufficiently expressive of words.

"Mother mine, I am going to belong to you in future, and to nobody else. West Lynne is already busy for me, I understand, pleasantly carrying out my destiny. One marvel whether I shall lose myself again with Miss Ayl; another, that I shall set on, off-hand, and come home home. They are all wrong; my place will be with my darling mother—at least, for several years to come."

She clasped his hand to her bosom in her glad delight. "We want happiness together, mother, as much as you to forget the past; for, upon none did the blow fall as upon you and upon me. And happiness we shall find, in this our own home, living for each other, and striving to amuse my poor father."

"Ay, ay," complacently put in Justice Hare. "So it would be. Richard had returned to his home, had become, to all intents and purposes, his master; for the justice would never be in a state to hold away again. He had resumed his position; had regained the favor of West Lynne, which, always in extremes, was now wanting to kill him with kindness. A happy, happy home from henceforth; and Mrs. Hare lifted up her full heart in thankfulness to God. Perhaps Richard's went up also."

One word, touching that wretched prisoner in the condemned cell at Lyndhurst. As you may have anticipated, the extreme sentence was not carried out. And—little favorite as Sir Francis is with you and with me—we can but admit that justice did not demand that it should be. That he had wilfully killed Halliwell, was certain; but the act was committed in a moment of wild rage; it had not been premeditated. The sentence was commuted to transportation. A far more disgraceful one in the estimation of Sir Francis, a far more unwelcome one to the eyes of his wife. It is no use to mince the truth. One little grain of comfort had penetrated to Lady Levison; the anticipation of the time when he and his ill-fated child should be alone, and could hide themselves in some hidden nook of the wild world; as, and his crime and his end, gone; forgotten. But it seems he was not to go and be forgotten; she and the boy must be tied to him still; and she was lost in horror and rebellion.

He envied the dead Halliwell, did that man, as he looked forth on the future. A cheering prospect truly! The gay Sir Francis Levison working in chains with his gang! Where would his diamonds and his white hands be then? After a time he might get a ticket-of-leave. He groaned in agony as the turkey suggested it to him. A ticket-of-leave for him? Oh, why did they not hang him? He walked forth as he closed his eyes to the dim light. The light of the cell, you understand, he could not close them to the light of the future. No; never again; it shone out all too plainly; dazzling his brain as with a flame of living fire.

(To be continued in our next.)

#### CARDS.

We have very curious accounts handed down to us of the invention of cards, as the contrivance of a painter in 1390, for the purpose of diverting Charles the Sixth, of France, who had fallen into a deep melancholy. Some say the four suits were designed to represent the four principal classes of society. *Ors*, or hearts, were used for the emblem of choir-men, or ecclesiastics; but the Spaniards have *copas*, or chalices, instead of hearts, though in allusion to the same character. The nobility, or prime military part of the kingdom, are represented by what the French call *pique*, the points of lances or pikes; to which, from our ignorance of the meaning or resemblance, we gave the name of spades, from the Spanish word *espada*, sword, which the Spaniards have painted on their cards, instead of pikes. *Carreaux*, diamonds, square stones, or tiles, appear to have been a hard-earned representation of citizens, merchants, or tradesmen; but the peasantry, or class of people engaged in the pursuit of agriculture, had a much more appropriate type in what the French called *trèfle*, trefoil, or clover-leaf, instead of which the Spaniards used *banos*, staves or clubs, in the corresponding suit of their cards, we have already annexed the Spanish significance to the French figure.

Others will have it that the four suits are all military emblems; that hearts imply courage to defend our country; that the arms then in use were *piques*, lances, and heavy arrows to be shot from crossbows, and shaped like carreaux, the diamonds on cards, and lastly, that *trèfle*, trefoil, served to remind a general that he should never encamp without good opportunities for forage.

In the same spirit of allusion to war, we are told that the ace is, in fact, the Latin word *as*, signifying literally a piece of money but, in a general sense, wealth; and that ace, accordingly, have precedence before kings and all other cards. For as riches are the sinews of war, the most powerful monarchs submit to their control, and the question of peace or war must, in a great measure, depend on the finances and resources of the country.

The four kings were intended as portraits of David, Alexander, Caesar, and Charlemagne, to represent the four monarchies of the Jews, Greeks, Romans, and Franks. Each of the kings had his faithful esquire, or armor-bearer, called in the middle ages, *valet*, or knave, a title then honorable, though now used as a term of servility or contempt.

The four queens under the names of Argine, Esther, Judith, and Pallas, were designed to represent birth, piety, fortitude, and wisdom. But a modern French writer, as if hurt at the idea that, in a nation famed for gallantry, love, and beauty, should be left out of the emblems, gives us the following ingenious explanation of the four queens. Argine, the queen of clubs, is, he says, an *argente*, or transposition of the letters of the Latin word *regina*, and was a representation of Mary of Aragon, wife of Charles the Seventh. The queen of diamonds, under the name of Rachel, was meant for the beautiful but frail Agnes Sorrel, and the queen of spades, under the semblance of the chaste and warlike Minerva, was the heroic Maid of Orleans, while Judith, the queen of hearts, was designed as a picture of the enchanting Isabeau de Baviere.

CARCAL thoughts are sometimes of great value. One of these may prove the key to open for us a yet unknown apartment in the palace of truth, or a yet unexplored tract in the paradise of sentiment that environs it.



THE PRESENT DAY.—Your birthday. AN UNBLESSED MEAL.—A domestic broil.

THE SPIRITUALIST'S MOTTO.—There's a medium in all things.

MARRIAGE is a part in the tempest, but often a tempest in the port.

THE PRUDENTIAL CRITERION.—The wick of a candle, loses its brightness as it grows long.

A CHARMING ENGINEER.—"Letting off sleep" is a little boy's definition of snoring.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL.—Next Sunday we'll have "The death of Moses." Overjoyed pupil—Then he did die at last.

Tell me ye winged things That round my pillow roar, Is there no favored spot Where "skaters" are no more?

THAT was an expressive remark of a practical man regarding the women of the period. "She don't know enough to bite hot water."

A CAUTIONARY FANALIST is reported, in speaking of a man both of whose legs were cut off by a railroad train, says: "He will probably be a cripple for life."

MIXED.—Jack, who is at a boarding-school in the country, writes home: "Please send me a good trap to catch birds, and a piece of carpet to say my prayers on."

It is sad to think that a sentence commencing, "The gates of pearl through which the human voice issues" should wreck itself in sordid praise of what's his name's tooth-powder.

A TEMPTING INDUCEMENT.—Cheerful agent for life insurance company—"The advantage of our company is that you do not forfeit your policy either by being hanged, or by committing suicide! Pray take a prospectus!"

A POET recently sent a song entitled, "What shall my Love wear?" to an editor, the latter regarded the question wholly in its moral aspect, and sat down and wrote a fine but kind article, recommending her to wear clothes.

PROF. SMITH said in a lecture in Philadelphia last week that "Flirtation is sometimes assisted by the use of albumen," but the composer got the remark into shape in the following fashion: "Flirtation is sometimes arrested by the use of albumen."

It is now asserted that a side window in a stable makes the horse's eye weak on that side; a window in front hurts his eye on the glare; a window behind makes him quiver; a window on a diagonal line makes him shy when he is going; a stable without a window makes him blind. Truly farming is a fearful and wonderful pursuit.

TONGUE.—A country paper is responsible for the following: "A married man, hearing that the eating of certain kinds of animal food would not aid the same tissues of the human body—as, for instance, calves' brains would nourish the eater's brains, or beef's liver the eater's liver—immediately gave strict orders to his butcher that no more tongue of any kind should be sold to his wife or mother-in-law."

THIS is the way a Florida man expects to get a partner to his boom. He advertises as follows: "Any gal what's got a cow, a good feather-bed, with comfortable linens, five hundred dollars in good, genuine, slap-up greenbacks, that has had the small-pox, measles, and understands tending children, can find a customer for life by hiring a small William ducky, addressed X. Y. Z., and stick in a crack of Uncle Billy Smith's barn, jinin' the pig-pen, where Harrison Reed is now planning for future operations."

ONE OF NATURE'S POETS.—It is said that on one occasion, as Miss Wordsworth, sister of the poet, was passing through a wood which the stock-dove was filling with its soft music, she fell in with a country woman who exclaimed, "I am so fond of stock-doves." "Oh," thought Miss Wordsworth, "at last I have come on one of Nature's poets, with a soul to appreciate the beautiful music of the birds." Very ruthlessly was the dream dissipated by an explanatory remark of the woman's: "Some like them in pies; but for my part I think there's nothing like them stewed with onions."

BREAKING THE NEWS GENTLY.—"When the lamented Judge Bagley tripped and fell down the court-house stairs and broke his neck," says Mark Twain in the *Galaxy*, "it was a great question how to break the news to poor Mrs. Bagley. But finally the body was put into Higgins' wagon, and he was instructed to take it to Mrs. B., but to be very guarded and discreet in his language, and not to break the news to her at once, but to do so gradually and gently. When Higgins got there with his sad freight, he shouted till Mrs. Bagley came to the door; then he said, 'Does the widow Bagley live here?' 'The widow Bagley? No, sir.' 'I'll bet she does. But have it your own way. Well, does Judge Bagley live here?' 'Yes, Judge Bagley lives here.' 'I'll bet he don't. But never mind. It ain't for me to contradict. Is the Judge in?' 'No, not at present.' 'I just expected as much; because, you know—take hold o' uthin', mum, for I'm a going to make a little communication, and I reckon maybe it'll jar you some—there's been an accident, mum. I've got the old Judge curled up out here in the wagon; and when you see him you'll acknowledge yourself that inquest is the only thing that could be a comfort to him.'"

A GROOM is told of the daughter of a prominent person now in the lecture field, which is peculiarly suggestive of unconscious wisdom. A gentleman was invited to the lecturer's house to tea. Immediately on being seated at the time the little girl astonished the family circle by the abrupt question, "Where is your wife?"

Now the gentleman having been recently separated from the partner of his life, was taken so completely by surprise that he stammered forth the truth, "I don't know."

"Don't know?" replied the infant terrible, "why don't you know?"

Finding that the child persisted in her interrogatories, despite the mild proof of her parents, he concluded to make a clean breast of the matter, and have it over at once.

So he said, with a calmness which was the result of a volley of inward epithets, "Well, we don't live together. We think, as we can't agree, we had better not."

He stifled a groan as the child began again, and darted an exasperated look at her parents.

But the little torment would not be quieted till she exclaimed, "Can't agree! Then why don't you fight it out as pa and ma do?"

"Vengeance is mine," laughingly retorted the visitor, after pa and ma exchanged looks of holy horror, followed by the inevitable roar.

#### THE WEST INDIAN PIRATES.

BY OLIVER A. H. R.

Some years ago, the West Indian seas were infested by pirates, of savage aspect and desperate valor. They were composed of men of all nations—runaway sailors from English, Danish, French, and Dutch vessels—though, probably, the larger portion of them were men of Spanish race, natives of Cuba or of the old Spanish settlements of the Southern States of America.

I had taken a passage on board the merchant ship Mary, at Belize, and we were on our way to New York, when the following incident befell me:

I had seen the captain standing on the afterdeck, and from time to time, eagerly surveying with his glass some object in our wake. I walked up to him on one of these occasions, and inquired what he was trying to make out.

"There is a strange vessel in sight," he answered; "but I can't quite make her out."

"She may be one of those Bristol traders that were nearly ready to sail when we left port," I observed.

"No," she doesn't look like one of that sort. She seems of some bastard rig; but we may make her out by-and-by."

"You do not think we are pursued?" I asked, feeling alarmed, as landmen are usually disposed to be at sea, when they encounter something that looks mysterious.

"Really, I cannot tell," was his answer; "but I suppose it will be time enough to cry out when we're likely to be hurt."

And, so saying, he strode forward with his glass held high.

Night fell; but the air was so hot and stifling, below that I found sleep next to impossible. If I slept for a moment, I was haunted by dreams of pirates, sharks, and shipwrecks; so I hurried on my clothes, and again sought the deck.

The moon was half-way up the heavens, and not a cloud was in sight; countless stars of wondrous beauty and brilliancy gilded the sky, and the ocean was flooded with their light. A long line of quivering rays, by flashing from the bosom of the sea, like a vein of quicksilver, right under the moon's eye. All was quiet, peaceful, and beautiful; it was a magnificent night, such as is only to be seen within the tropics, and not often even there.

The winds were almost laid. The gentlest possible breeze filled the sails, just enough to set them to sleep, though not to prevent them giving an idle flap now and then, when the vessel rolled a little heavier than usual.

Nothing stirred about the deck. The watch had disappeared forward; but I found the captain still on the alert, and again surveying the remote object he had before observed, through his night glass. I did not interrupt him again by my questioning; but my attention was shortly attracted by the sound of the boatman's shrill whistle calling the watch.

Orders were given by the captain, and every stick of sail was crowded out of the ship. Each mast bore its full load. As I stood aft, and looked up, the sails seemed, in the moonlight, like towers of snow set against the dark-blue sky.

In a few minutes all was still again; the vessel seemed to make better way through the water, from the increasing ripple of the waves heard against her sides. Drowsiness gradually stole upon me, and I went below again to coast my pillow.

I was startled from my slumbers towards morning, by the sound of alarmed voices, and of hurried tramping on deck. I threw on my clothes, and hastened up the companion ladder.

On my way up I met black Sambo, the cook. Though nature had put it out of his power to look pale, the poor fellow looked the picture of terror. The pallor of fright seemed positively struggling through his skin, and his eyes had that expression of alarm which betrays more than even the pallid cheek or the quivering lip.

"For Heaven's sake," I asked, "what is the matter?"

"Sharks," he replied, in an intense whisper—seemingly afraid to speak above his breath.

"Is that all?"

"All?" he instantly said. "Pirates, Sa?"

"Where?" I asked, my heart suddenly bounding against my ribs.

"See," he said, and he pointed aft. I looked in the direction indicated, and my eyes rested on an object yet at some distance, but near enough to strike fear into the stoutest heart. It was "the strange ship," which the captain had been scanning the preceding night, and there could now be little doubt as to her character.

A smart breeze had sprung up, and she was rapidly gaining on us. Her rig and hull were now recognized by some of the older hands on board; she was a notorious pirate-ship, in full chase of our vessel, and, but for some merciful interposition of Providence, we seemed doomed for capture.

I walked up to the captain.

"Well," I said, "the secret's at last out."

"Yes," I knew her from the first, but I tried the chance of an escape, not knowing whether she might have seen us or not; but, you see, we have failed. She is one of the most determined pirates in these seas—manned by a crew of about the biggest ruffians that ever trod a deck."

"But what is to be done?" I asked.

"Surely, you do not think of offering resistance?"

"There is no other way for it; at all events, we must try. We may win her, or escape."

"But, if you fail, you will only have exasperated them, and provoked their revenge."

"Resist or not, we have no mercy to hope for from them, and my mind's made up."

"But what means of resistance have you?" Your vessel is short-manned; you are without guns or ammunition."

"You have not yet seen our means; and such as they are, we must use them against that ruffian!"

His eye glanced again in the direction of the pursuing ship. She was a long, low sort of craft, evidently very swift. Her foremast and bowsprit were immensely strong, and of great length, both covered with canvas, under a press of which she came bowing along, the now freshening breeze filling her sails.

The rapidity with which she gained on us showed that we had no chance of escape by flight. Our every rag of canvas had been for some time set, and the old lumbering ship, heavily laden as she was, went hurtling and grinding through the water. The match was as unequal as between a cart-horse and a thorough-bred racer.

Turning my eyes again towards the deck, I found the men all activity and bustle. One group I observed busily engaged in breaking and sawing old iron hoops and spikes. These were for grapple-shots!

"But where are the guns?" I asked of the captain.

"You shall see presently," he replied; "the men are dragging them from their

concealment below, for we carry more than the regulation number. In the meantime, may I ask you to go below, and break the matter to your fellow-passengers. There may be some of the gentlemen not unwilling to aid in the defense of the ship. At present I cannot leave the deck. My wife!" a shudder seemed to pass across his face, and he added—"would to heaven she had not been here!"

I pressed his hand, and went below. Need I say what screaming, sobbing, and crying there was, when I informed my fellow-passengers of the danger so near at hand. One tender girl there was, fair and beautiful as light, who displayed the most charming courage and self-possession. She was on her way home, in search of the health which she had lost amid the hot swamps of the tropics. It might be that she felt the hand of death already upon her, and the ties that bound her to life were thus feeble. She tried to soothe the shrieking women, cheered those who seemed as if stricken down with terror, and urged upon all to resist, that it was their duty rather to aid and encourage those who were about to risk their lives for their protection, than to embarrass and distress them by shrieking and clamor. The captain's wife, I found, was more composed than the others; and she suggested that the other females should at once proceed to disguise themselves in ordinary seamen's clothes, and proceed upon deck, so as if possible to escape detection in event of the ship being boarded by the pirates.

I left them engaged in these preparations, and hastened upon deck. I found that the men had now dragged from their concealment nine eighteen-pound carronades, which were mounted and ready for action. Some were busily engaged in loading them, each with a round shot and a bag of iron cuttings, broken nails, and musket-balls—the most destructive kind of grapple. They worked as if life and death depended on their efforts, which was indeed the case.

Of the eleven gentlemen, passengers on board of nearly all nations, the greater number, with praiseworthy alacrity, aided the crew in their preparations for defense. All the guns, rifles, pistols, swords and cutlasses which the ship could muster, were brought on deck, and distributed among the passengers and crew.

The pirate-ship was now rapidly approaching, and was almost within gun-shot. We could see her deck distinctly, and perceived that it was crowded with men; and, as we were filled with awe, we evidently well armed, for we saw six guns of a side, and a long gun, on pivots, planted in the fore-castle. The occasional gleam of steel caught our eye. We saw a man, evidently a person in command, standing in the shrouds, with a polished speaking-trumpet in his hand, closely scanning us. He wore white trousers, and had a red sash bound round his waist. On his head was a broad Panama hat, the now burning sun reflecting such a defiance highly necessary.

But our attention was suddenly attracted in another direction, by a new object of interest—perhaps of danger. It must have been observed, that we were now off the coast of Cuba, whose high lands to the west of Cape Maisie rose clear and strongly-defined against the northern sky. One of the old hands on board pointed out, not very far off, a spot which, he assured us, was one of the most noted piratical haunts in Cuba.

"The fellow," said he, "even ventured in his boats to attack and board merchant-men of the first class. I have known—"

"Boat ahoy!" sung out the man on the look-out.

"Where away?"

"Under our forefoot!"

And sure enough there was a boat almost in our track, though, at first sight, there seemed nothing in its appearance to excite either suspicion or alarm.

"Keep your eye on that 'ere, captain," was the remark of the old seaman at our side. And the captain, to do him justice, seemed alive to the necessity of keeping a sharp look-out in all directions.

We were soon within hail of the boat, and perceived that there was only one man visible on board, who seemed as if fishing with a rod and line at the boat's bow. An immense tarpaulin covered the boat which was large as a jelly. The only circumstance which excited our suspicion was an object very like a carronade on a pivot, planted forward, and on which the man sat, as if to conceal it. He soon bailed us in Spanish; but our captain, not understanding Spanish, bailed in English.

"Hillo, sir, what are you about there?"

"Fosshin," was the man's reply. "Will buy fosshin?"

"And what kind of fish do you catch here, so far out at sea?"

"All sorts, sare?"

"And what's the use of that gun I see at your bows?"

"Ah, sare! keep off de pirates wid dat."

"Now, men," said our captain, turning round, "I smell some treachery here. Whatever happens, be ready, calm, and collected; we may have a double danger to run; I fear this is a pirate's trick. Sambo!" (turning to the black cook), "see that the poker is kept red-hot, and be ready to hand it up!"

"Ay, ay, Sa!" said Sambo showing his ivory; for Sambo's poker had been appointed to do the duty of port-fire or match.

We were within less than pistol-shot of the boat, when we observed a sudden bustle under the tarpaulin. The man at the bows changed his position, pointed the carronade in the direction of our brig, and bang! a round shot went whistling through our fore-sails. At the same instant the tarpaulin was thrown off, with a loud shout, and some thirty fierce and savage-looking ruffians displayed themselves to view. They immediately saluted us with a volley of their small arms, which, however, did but little damage, though I saw one of our men fall. The others were with difficulty restrained from firing upon them—the black cook now brandishing his heated poker. But the captain shouted out, "Forecast! not a shot till I give the word!"

The pirate-boat rapidly approached, and her crew fired another volley upon us; but firing upwards, and our men being sheltered by the bulwarks, no damage was this time done. The ruffians were now close upon us, and I could see their gleaming pikes and cutlasses, the pistols and long knives in their belts, and their revolving pistols. There was a faint scream of the females on deck. We seemed as already in the pirate's power.

But our turn for action had now come. The boat had almost struck the ship's side, when the clear voice of the captain was heard.

"Now, men, steady! Run out the guns; mind your aim! Now, blacky, with your poker."

The guns were run out through the port-holes in an instant, and one fiery stream of death after another was poured down upon our assailants. At least three or four heavy shot went through the boat's bottom, when she almost instantly filled and sank, leaving her crew in the water, struggling and swimming for life. A city of horror rose from among them when the first volley of grape and round-shot crashed into their midst, and

they howled for pity and mercy. But there was little time for consideration now; and, one by one, the swimmers disappeared. Some sunk, others seemed to be suddenly dragged under water. Two sharks, which had followed the ship's wake for some days, now enjoyed a high carousal. There was an occasional splash, an upturned belly, a crunching of bones, and in a moment all was over with the victim.

And what of the pirate-ship—the first object of our fears? What was our surprise to find the stranger ship sheering off? Most probably our warm reception of the Cuba fishermen had shown them that we were fully prepared for resistance. However this might be, certain it is that they parted company with us forthwith, and troubled us no more. The joy of the crew and passengers, thus rescued from perils so imminent, need scarcely be described. The captain was quite beside himself with joy, and seemed almost inclined to embrace the black cook Sambo for his gallant handling of the poker.

Isable, if not treble allowances, of grog were served out to the men; and we reached port in safety, without further incident, about three weeks after this adventure with the pirates.

#### THE OPAL.

BY FRANCIS FAIRFIELD.

Next to the pearl, and third in order from the diamond, connoisseurs hold the opal. In the estimation of the ancients, when absolutely faultless, its value as a precious gem was fully equal to it. They furthermore considered its power marvellous as a strengthening for the eyes. The anecdote of the Roman Senator, Nonius, who preferred exile to relinquishing a fine opal into the possession of Mark Anthony, is doubtless familiar to most readers.

The finest specimens abound in Hungary and Hindostan, and usually play either in the red or green color. Both are equally prized. The term "Oriental Opal," is utterly hypothetical, as no opals were ever found in the East.

The crown of France holds two of the finest in the world. One is set in the centre of the "Order of the Golden Fleece;" the other flashes from the clasp of the imperial cloak. They were purchased for 75,000 francs (\$3,000).

The world-renowned opal called "The Great Fire of Troy," in honor of its wondrous imprisoned fire-like, was the happy purchase of the First Consul's wife. It is still in its unique beauty among the crown jewels lately worn by the Empress Eugenie.

A marvellously large opal is the property of Austria—but its worth and beauty are sadly marred by a rather sizeable crack down its entire length.

Count Walowski, a tasteful amateur collector of gems, is said to rejoice in the possession of an opal of surprising beauty, which is fully as large as a franc piece.

The opal of the world is, however, in the Imperial Mineralogical Cabinet of Vienna. This extraordinary stone actually weighs seven ounces. It is four inches and three-quarters in length, and two and a half inches thick. It was recovered from Hungary, in 1770, and bears the reputation of being an absolutely faultless as it is considered, in Vienna estimation, invaluable. It is said that Vienna does not put even an approximate value upon it.

A fine opal of considerable size is in the possession of the German University at Bonn. It is of the variety called the "Frie Opal," which species of the gem Baron Humboldt, it will be remembered, discovered in Mexico, and upon his return to Berlin, introduced into Europe.

The opal mines of Hungary are several centuries old. Tradition states that, in the year 1400, more than three hundred workmen were constantly employed in them. Now there is scarcely work for thirty men.

The opal is a stone of delicate constitution, very apt to crack in an atmosphere of sudden changes. Dr. Feuchtwanger recommends soaking it in sweet oil to remove cracks and fissures. Even an immersion in water effects an improvement in its tone and color. It is sometimes covered, for protection, with a thin coating of quartz, through which its prismatic colors flash with startling brilliancy.

Let no man be too proud to work. Let no man be ashamed of a hard fist or a sunburnt countenance. Let him be ashamed only of ignorance and sloth. Let no man be ashamed of poverty. Let him only be ashamed of dishonesty and idleness.

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